

An Odd Little Pair

BY C. SHAW



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*Grace Church Sunday School, Staffa.
Anna B. Livingstone, 3rd Prize, Easter 1900*

THE BOOK

OF

HOLIDAYS



GRIFFITH FARRAN BROWNE & CO. LIMITED

35 BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN

LONDON

THE BOOK OF HOLIDAYS



TEDDIE AND GERALD had a grand time one holiday season, for their father took them on a voyage across to America. They sailed from Liverpool for New York. We say sailed, but the vessel had no sails, for she was a steamer. It was a very large steamer, and there was plenty of room for games on the deck, and the boys used to delight in racing round, and playing hide-and-seek and all sorts of games with other children. There was no danger of falling overboard, for all round the deck was a railing and netting, so it was quite safe. Very often they used to try and clamber up the rigging when none of the sailors were looking, for they were not allowed to do this, as it was not safe, for if they had slipped they would have hurt themselves very much.

All the way out they had very fine weather, and the sea was not very rough, but it was a little, and some of the passengers were sea-sick, but the boys were not. On the way home there was a storm, and the vessel tumbled about very much.

ON THE SEA



THE BOOK OF HOLIDAYS



A PICNIC in the Woods—how jolly it sounds. Everybody likes tea out of doors. A picnic on the beach is all very well, but then the bread and butter get sandy generally, and then there is not always shade, and the sun is too hot, or if there is no sun, the wind off the sea is too cold. No! give me the woods, the green, cool, moss-carpeted woods for a perfect tea picnic. First there is the going there,—some on bicycles, some in the

pony trap, with the tea things all packed up under the seat, and some walking. All have to carry something: one boy has the kettle behind him on the bike, another the teapot, some very steady person the cream, and so on. We generally carry the sticks for the fire; for the sticks in the woods are slow to light, but when once the fire is lighted with the dry sticks we have brought, we can find plenty of sticks in the woods to keep it up. We can't trust always to find water in the woods, as it is not always clean, so we take that with us too in the pony trap; and then what fun it is making the fire and getting the kettle to boil.

A PICNIC



THE BOOK OF HOLIDAYS

IN the Zoological Gardens in London there are a lot of bears: the Polar bear, who is white, and comes from the land where there is always snow and ice; big bears,



little bears, brown bears, and black bears. Most of them are in cages, where they can be kept warm; but the Polar bear lives in



a sort of cave, with a yard outside, in which is a tank of water for him to bathe in. There are three or four brown bears, who live together in a bear pit, and in this pit there is a pole for them to climb up. At the top of the pit is a terrace, on which people can stand and look down at the bears. There is a railing round it, to keep people from falling in, and the bears cannot reach the railing, for they cannot climb up the smooth sides of the pit; so it is quite safe to go up there and give them buns and things, and it is very funny to see them reaching out from the top of the pole to get the things that the visitors give them.

AT THE ZOO



THE BOOK OF HOLIDAYS



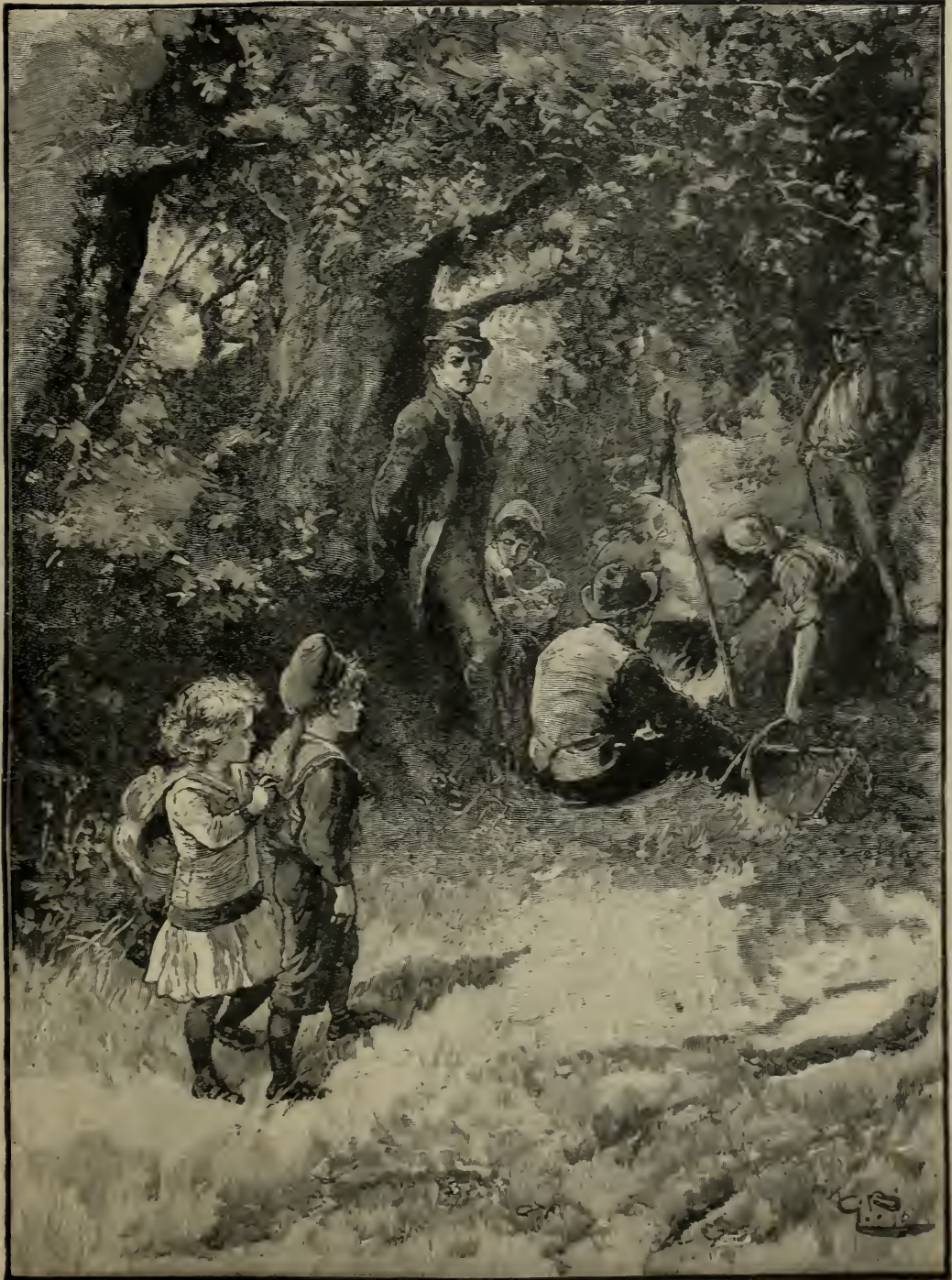
ONE of the most lovely parts of England is the county of Kent, sometimes called The Garden of England. Here are grown great quantities of hops in fields which are called "hop gardens." In the spring these fields are much like other ploughed fields, and in the early summer they are scarcely pretty, looking like long forests of bare black poles. At the foot of each pole is a hop plant, and, as the summer goes on, the hop bine twines up the pole, clothing it in lovely green foliage. From the top of each pole to the next, both across

and down the field, is fastened a string, and along this too the hop bine climbs, till the whole field is festooned with foliage; and then comes the glorious golden bunch of hops, and now the garden is in its perfection.

When the hop is ripe, people come out from London to pick the hops. There is not room in the villages to hold them, so they live in barns, and many of them camp out, like gipsies, in tents and in the woods.

The two little boys you see in the picture have just come upon such a party in a wood, and are in time to be asked to tea, for they are kindly people.

HOP PICKERS



THE BOOK OF HOLIDAYS



IN many parts of England, where there are good streams, people are very fond of hunting the otter. The otters live near the streams, under the roots of hollow trees, or in drains near the streams, and they live in, or close to, the water. They cannot live under water, but they can stay a long time under water, and can swim both on and under the water at a great

pace, so that when they are hunted, they can often dive through the pack of hounds, and make their escape. When they are surrounded and cannot get away, they fight very bravely, and give the dogs many a severe bite. One cannot help feeling sorry when this happens, for the poor otter has no chance. As long as the stream is open he can get away from the dogs, but when he is driven into a pool, and men stand all round, he cannot escape, for after a time he cannot keep under water, and the dogs kill him. They live on fish, which they always eat on land, and some have been tamed and trained to catch the fish and bring it ashore to their master.

OTTER HUNTING



THE BOOK OF HOLIDAYS



IN a village in the country, not very far from London—it was in Middlesex, I think, so it could not have been very far away, for there is not very much of Middlesex that is not covered by London,—there was a good

farmer who was very fond of children, and especially of the children in the village school.

The village is a very pretty one, with a little old church with an old wooden spire rather like an extinguisher. All around are meadows, for it is a hay country, and there are few ploughed fields. The path from the village to the schoolhouse passed through one of his hay fields. In this field there was a fine shady elm, and here the good farmer fixed up a swing on a bough, not too far from the ground, and, as soon as the hay was cut, he let the children come and play in the field.

There was a family of four girls and a boy, who used to spend all their playtime there in the hot weather. The girls brought their dolls and pretended they liked the swing too, and their brother used to swing his sisters under the tree, and they were all very happy, and that was what the farmer liked to see.

SWINGING



THE BOOK OF HOLIDAYS



HILDA AND WILLIE were brother and sister, and they were very good friends, as all brothers and sisters ought to be. Being of nearly the same age, they did everything together, and, indeed, Hilda could play games—cricket and hockey, and even football—as well as many boys. They were rather a wild

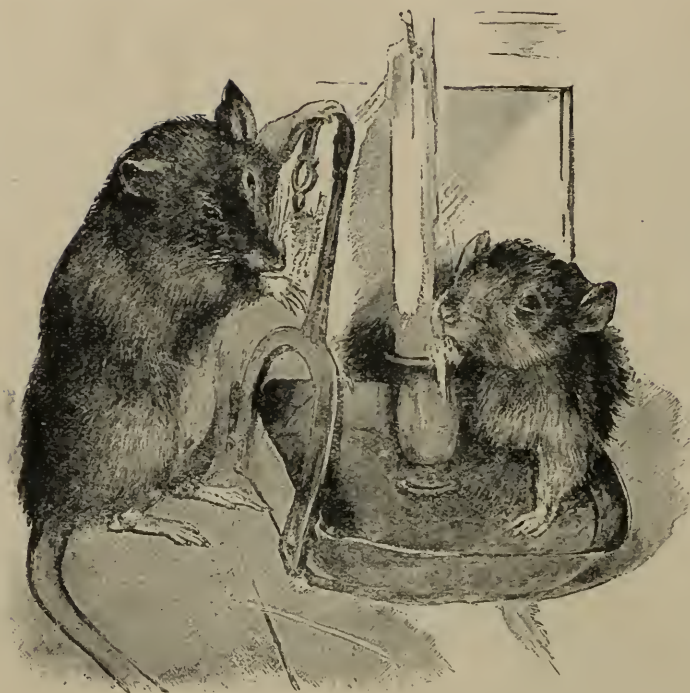
two, and used sometimes to do rather foolish things. They lived in Scotland, and through their garden ran a mountain stream or burn, which often after a storm ran very swiftly. It was then their delight to get a washing-trough from the laundry and use it for a boat. They put a board across each end, and Hilda sat on one end and Willie on the other to keep it steady, and so they would go rushing down the stream. It was rare fun, and not at all dangerous, for the water was nowhere deep, and if the trough was turned over, they would only get a wetting. This happened often, but the hard thing was to catch the trough again, for as soon as they were out of it, it would go racing down the stream.



ON THE STREAM



THE BOOK OF HOLIDAYS



WHEN rats are hungry, which they generally are, they will eat anything. Here you see them eating candles. One would think they must be very hungry to eat that. Sometimes they gnaw at things, not to eat them, but to use their teeth. If you were to keep rats a very long time, and give them

only soft food, you would find that they would gnaw their cage to pieces; for they must keep their teeth from growing too long. If they did not wear them down by gnawing, the lower teeth would grow too long, and then they would not be able to bite, and they would starve.

Rats are very clever, and seem to be very thoughtful creatures. A man, walking out in some meadows one evening, observed a great number of rats in the act of moving all together from one place to another, which it is known they are in the habit of doing occasionally. He stood perfectly still, and the whole assemblage passed close to him. His astonishment, however, was great, when he saw an old blind rat, which held a piece of stick at one end in its mouth, while another rat had hold of the other end of it, and thus conducted his blind companion.

RATS



THE BOOK OF HOLIDAYS



SNOWBALLING is a very good game if it is done in the proper time and place; if it is not, it sometimes gets boys into trouble. When you do throw snowballs, you should always see what you are throwing at, or maybe, like the man in the saying who shot at a pigeon and killed a crow, you may hit the wrong person, and get yourself into trouble too. Something like this happened to the boy and girl in the picture. Edward was the boy's name, and Alice was the girl's. Edward was,

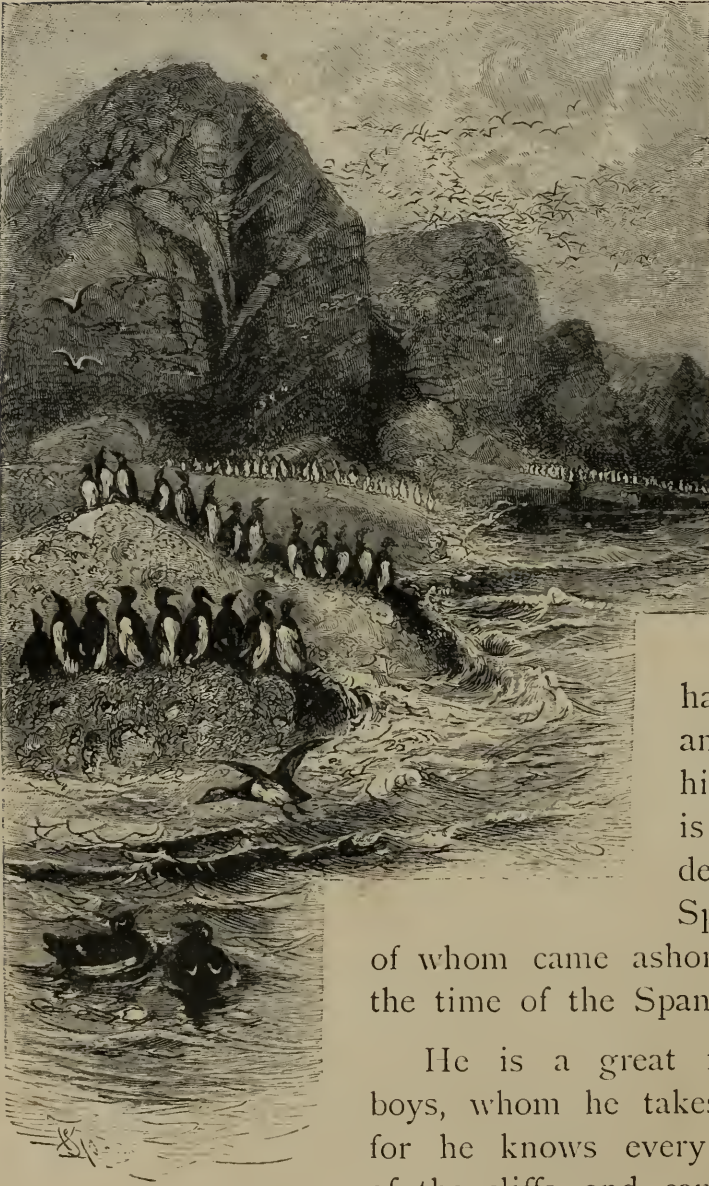
like all boys of his age, a mischievous monkey, and Alice, we are sorry to say, a regular tomboy, and about as wild as Edward.

One Christmas they came to town to stay for a few days with their Aunt. Their Aunt had one boy, their cousin George. George was quite a town boy, and as quiet as his cousins were wild. They did not quite like this, and were rather fond of teasing George. One day there came a snowstorm, and for a very short time the square where they lived looked white and bright like the fields at home. Edward and Alice were soon out of the house, and snowballing each other, wild with delight. Round a corner they saw George standing, with his tall hat, Eton collar, and spick and span as usual. The temptation was too much for Alice. Creeping under the shadow of a wall, she threw a beautiful ball at George's shiny hat. Just at that moment he moved, and the snowball flew straight past him into the back of a gentleman passing. He was very angry. Poor Alice missed the pigeon and hit the crow!

SNOWBALLING



THE BOOK OF HOLIDAYS



. . .

OLD TOM VENUS is a Devonshire fisherman, and lives on the coast, somewhere between Dartmouth and Lyme-

Regis. He is a handsome dark man, and from this, and his curious name, it is likely that he is a descendant of some Spanish sailor, many

of whom came ashore on this coast at the time of the Spanish Armada.

He is a great favourite with the boys, whom he takes out in his boat, for he knows every nook and cranny of the cliffs, and can take them to all

the places where the best prawns are to be caught, and show them the lobster and conger-eel's holes under the rocks at low water.

FISHING



THE BOOK OF HOLIDAYS



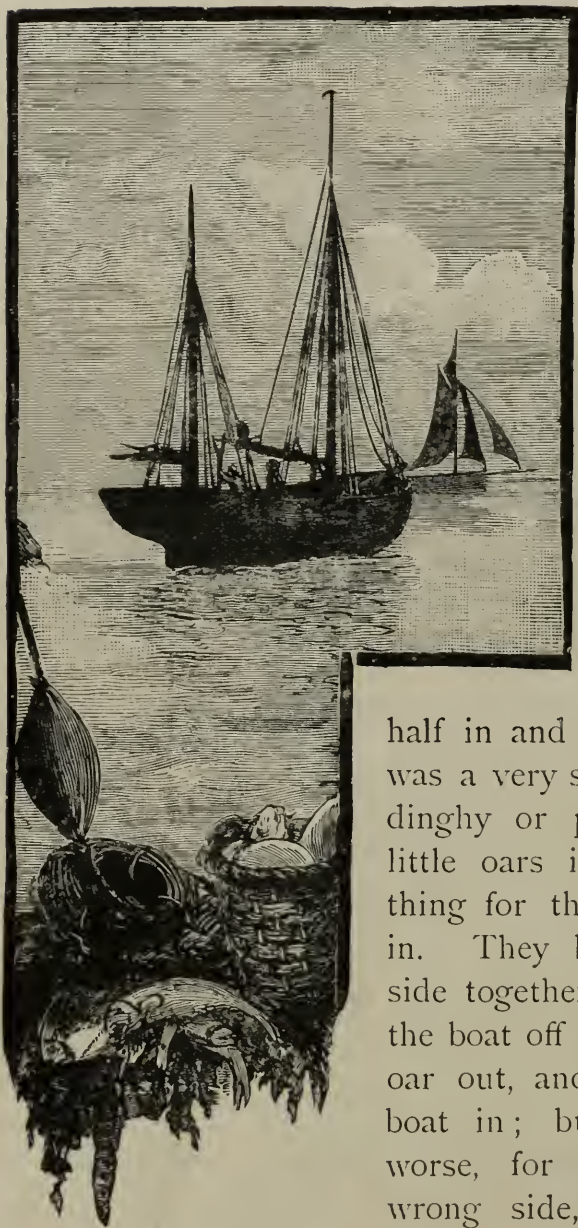
How fond all children are of painting. Give one a book with pictures in it, or an old illustrated paper, and a box of paints, and you will keep him quiet and out of mischief, even on a rainy day, for quite half an hour. But it is much more amusing if a boy can draw pictures for himself. Of course he cannot do much at first, but everything must have a beginning; and some boys, beginning quite as babies with a pencil, are able by the time

they go to school to draw quite funny pictures. Then comes a time when the boy leaves off scribbling, and begins to try to draw properly, and instead of drawing all sorts of things out of his head, he takes to trying to draw what he sees,—real things,—and draws a horse, or a cow, or a dog, as he sees it, and not like a wooden toy out of a sixpenny ark. Then he tries to paint properly, and by the time he is a big boy, draws pictures of his brothers and sisters, and colours them, much to their delight. As he grows older, and learns more, he goes to drawing-classes, and perhaps in time becomes an Artist.

PAINTING



THE BOOK OF HOLIDAYS



POOR little Tommy and Mary had a great fright; but Tommy was a brave boy, and little Mary had a great belief in her brother, and felt safe with him; so, perhaps, they were not very frightened after all. This is how it happened. One day, in the summer, playing together on the beach, some way from the village, and in a little cove where no one could see them, they found a dear little boat,

half in and half out of the water. It was a very small boat, what is called a dinghy or punt, and there were two little oars in it. It seemed just the thing for them, so of course they got in. They both climbed in over the side together, and in so doing shoved the boat off the shore. Tommy got an oar out, and bravely tried to row the boat in; but he only made matters worse, for he rowed the boat the wrong side, and then lost the oar.

What were they to do? Fortunately, not far away was a fishing-boat coming home. Tommy tied his handkerchief to the end of the one oar they had left, and waved it about till the fishermen saw it, and the boat came down to them and took them safe home.

TOMMY'S ESCAPE



THE BOOK OF HOLIDAYS



ALL Willies are not wilful, but there was one Willie I knew who certainly was. He always wanted to have everything his own way, and, unfortunately, when he was quite a little boy he had generally got it, for he was rather spoilt, so when he grew up he was more wilful than before. One winter there had been a good deal of cold, but for some time not enough to make the ponds bear. At last it seemed as if the ice was thick enough, and Willie said he was

going to try. But Willie's father said no! and sometimes, you know, fathers know better than little boys. The night had been a little warmer, and this had made the ice unsafe. Willie thought he knew better, and determined to try for himself, but he did not tell his father what he was going to do. His father thought he was going a walk with his cousins, and he did not know that Willie had taken his skates. At the pond wilful Willie would go on the ice, though the other boys tried to stop him. He soon found that his father knew better than he, for he fell through the ice and lost his skates.



WILFUL WILLIE



THE BOOK OF HOLIDAYS



IF all who read this book were to answer the question, What is the best place for a holiday? I think nearly all would answer, Somewhere by the sea. By the sea! There is so much to do by the sea! Old and young, boys and girls, weak and strong, all can find pleasure by the sea! First, of course, there is the bathing,—I am afraid we do not all find pleasure in that. Some little ones that I know think too much about that horrid first dip, when the water seems so cold; and some are a little afraid. But that is all wrong. If you want to enjoy a bathe, go right in, and dip your head under at once, and then you will not feel the cold. Then there is such fun on the beach; if you are near a town there are sure to be nigger minstrel bands, hurdy-gurdies, and donkey rides; but these are not the true joys of the beach. Come away into some cove where there are rocks and pools, and here and there hard, smooth sand. Here you can take

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